

SIX

# FAVORITE SONGS

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1 Rock me to sleep Mother                 | Leslie     |
| 2 Seeing Nellie home                      | Fletcher   |
| 3 Forget me not Companion to Ever of thee | Foley Hall |
| 4 Sweet sister pray for me                | Whitney    |
| 5 The Boy & his Angel                     | Leslie     |
| 6   |            |

As sung by

## AMBROSE A. THAYER.

MORRIS BROS

AT  
PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

CONCERTS



Boston.

Russell & Patee 61 Court St.

Entered according to act of Congress in 1860 by Russell & Patee in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

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# THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

Words by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

Music by Ernest Leslie.

VOICE.

1. O mother! I've been with an an-gel, to-day; I was out all a - -  
 2. And somehow dear moth-er, I felt not a - - fraid, As his hand on my  
 3. O pale grew that moth-er, and heavy her heart, For she knew her fair

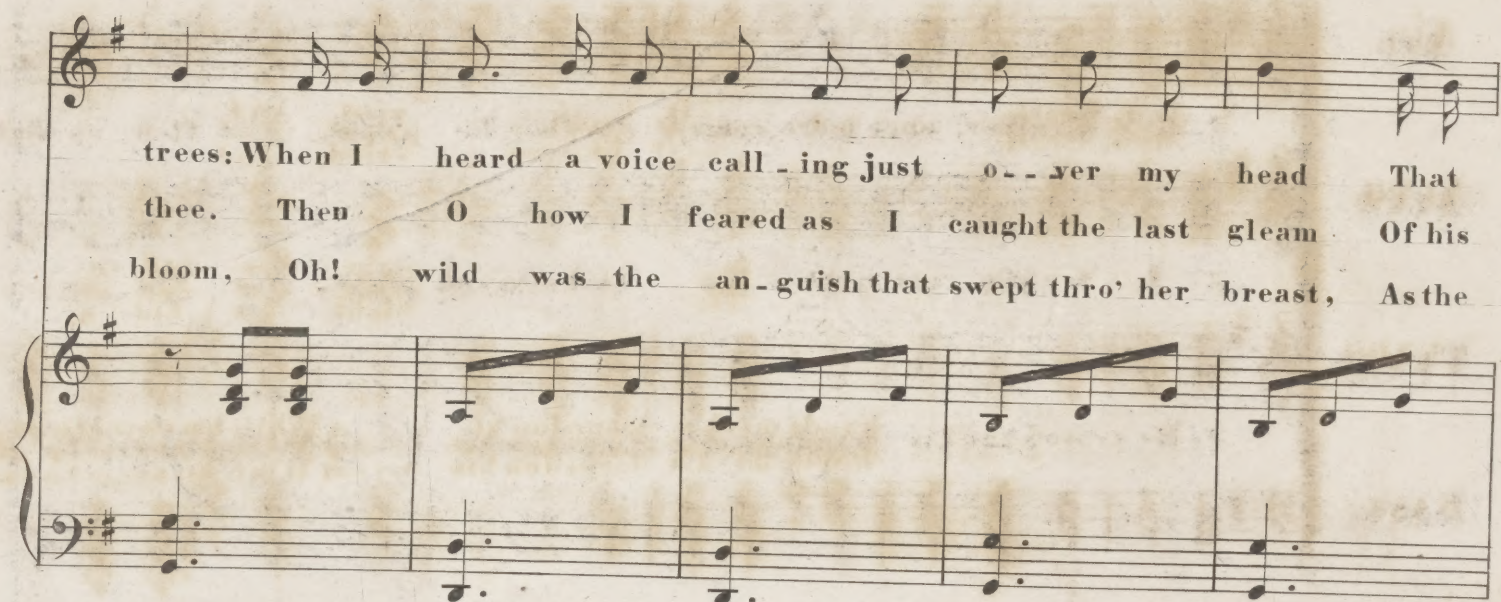
PIANO.

- lone in the fo - rest at play, Chasing af - ter the but - ter - flies,  
 brow he ca - - ressing - ly laid And whispered so soft - ly and  
 boy from this world must de - part, That his bright locks must fade in the

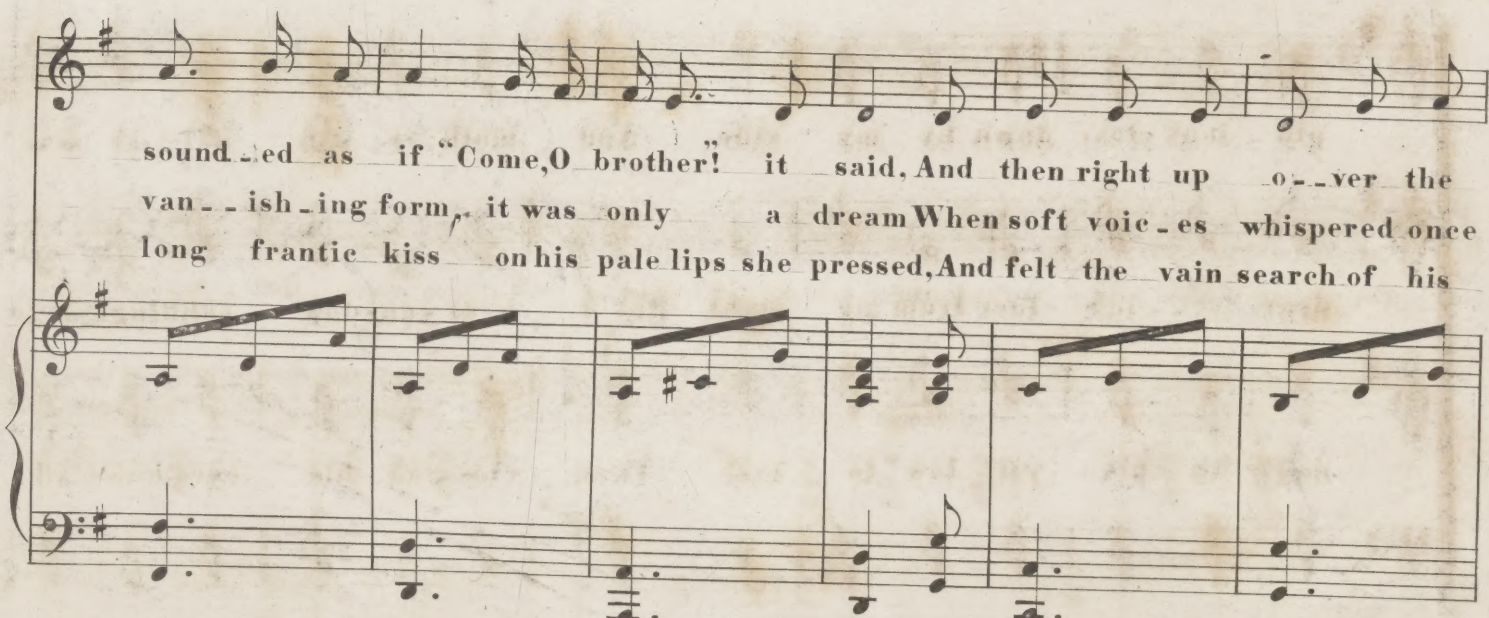
watch - ing the bees, And hear - ing the wood - pec - ker tapping the  
 gent - ly to me "Come brother the an - gels are waiting for  
 dust of the tomb Ere the autumn winds with - er'd the summer's rich

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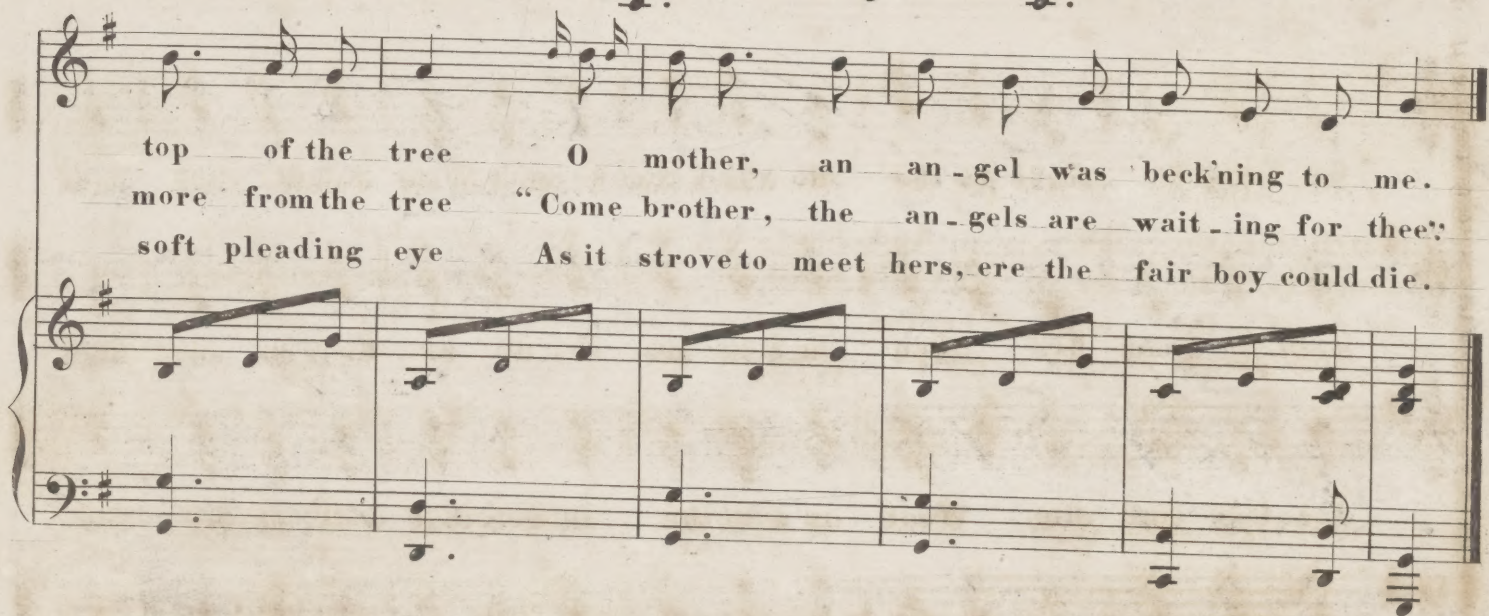




trees: When I heard a voice call - ing just o - ver my head That  
thee. Then O how I feared as I caught the last gleam Of his  
bloom, Oh! wild was the an - guish that swept thro' her breast, As the



sound - ed as if "Come, O brother!" it said, And then right up o - ver the  
van - ishing form, it was only a dream When soft voices whispered once  
long frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed, And felt the vain search of his



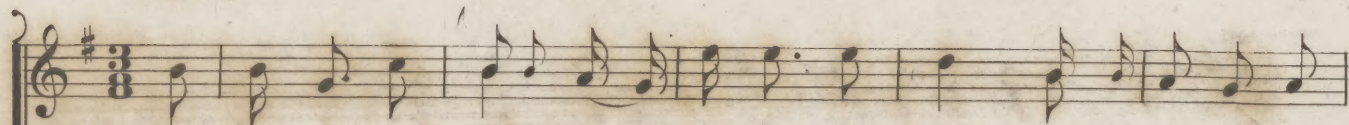
top of the tree O mother, an an - gel was beck'ning to me.  
more from the tree "Come brother, the an - gels are wait - ing for thee!"  
soft pleading eye As it strove to meet hers, ere the fair boy could die.



# Chorus.

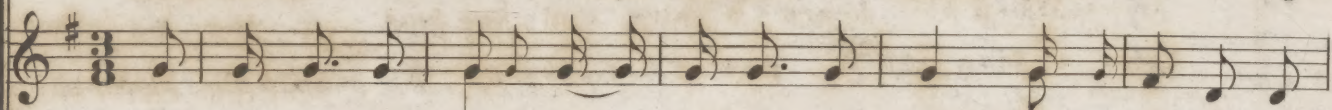
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AIR.



1. And, "Brother," once more, come, O brother, he cried, And flew on light

ALTO.



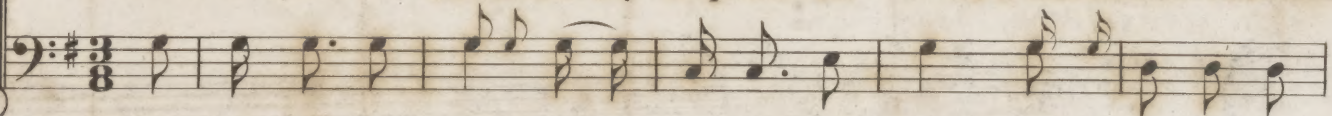
2. I see you not mother for darkness and night Are hid-ing your

TENOR.



3. He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast While his sweet face sank

BASS.



pin-ions close down by my side, And moth-er, Oh nev-er was

dear lov-ing face from my sight But I hear your low sobbings; dear

down on his pil-low to rest Then clos-ing his eyes now all

be-ing so bright As the one which then beamed on my wonder-ing sight.

moth-er good bye The an-gels are rea-dy to bear me on high.

ray-less and dim Went up with the an-gels that wait-ed for him.



